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Theory." Unaware how to reach Mr. Maxim, I take the liberty of addressing this letter to you.

Speaking of the wonderful intelligence of dogs, he says in part, referring to a dog's intuitive perception of what is passing in his master's mind, when, as in this instance, he has determined to "get rid of him for some reason or other".

But there have been many instances when there has been no opportunity for the dog to tell by the change in his master's demeanor or change of voice, and he has seemed to gather a warning directly from the operations of his master's mind. I admit that there may never have been a single instance in authentic proof of this conclusion, but there have been instances enough to lead to a strong suspicion that the mind of a dog may be in such receptive telepathic attitude with respect to the mind of his master as to interpret the bent of his master's thoughts concerning the dog's welfare; and the dog's welfare is the principal thing that can concern the dog.

The following incident, which is the literal truth devoid of any embellishment, I thought might prove of interest to Mr. Maxim, apropos of the above remarks. Many years ago, as a young man I spent some seven or eight years in the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains, California, amid a virgin forest of giant redwoods. During nearly the whole of this time, my best friend and constant companion was a dog of nondescript pedigree with a coat like a doormat, in fact, literally "a yaller dorg!" How I acquired him I cannot now recall; we just drifted together, two solitary creatures—I had almost said, "human beings!" When, for circumstances unnecessary to relate, I determined to abandon the life of a backwoodsman, I disposed of my few possessions—two horses, a cow, wagon, harness, &c. At last there remained but we two, the dog and I. What to do with him had been in my thoughts almost constantly for days, since he could not accompany me where I was going. The time for my departure drew near, and still I had arrived at no decision, when one afternoon I received a visit from a friend who lived in the vicinity of the town of Santa Cruz, and to whom, in fact, I had disposed of some of my belongings. "What are you going to do with 'Toby'?" he asked in an ordinary conversational tone of voice, glancing at the dog who sat on his haunches beside us, his interest keenly aroused. "I don't know what to do," I replied. "Give him to me, he will be sure of a good home as long as he lives." "Thanks, old man, you have taken a great load off my mind," I said, speaking with the same subdued constraint that had governed our remarks.

The following morning, Toby was missing. He did not return that evening—an unprecedented occurrence. In fact, he never returned. Several weeks later, having finally abandoned forever the life of a mountaineer, I went down to Santa Cruz, some eighteen miles distant, and having made my adieux to several old acquaintances, set out on foot for my friend's farm. At the front door, to my amazement, I was met by Toby! My sentiments were of a mixed sort, for I felt that the agony of parting would once more have to be endured. When, half an hour later, I wrung my friend's hand at the garden gate, Toby followed me to the highway, and there he stood motionless. I tried to say something as I stroked his shaggy coat, but a lump rose in my throat, and I started rapidly down the hill. At the bend of the road, I looked back. He was still standing motionless, slowly moving his tail from side to side—his method of saying farewell. And this was the last I ever saw of the best and most faithful friend I ever had.

I could quote many other examples of mental telepathy between this dog and myself, but this must suffice, as being also the most tense and dramatic. And I cannot but think that Mr. Maxim will be glad to receive such corroborative evidence of the grounds upon which he bases his opinions in this particular matter.

THOMAS DYKES BEASLEY.

- ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA.

IF!

SIR,—Mr. Watson, in his article on "Orthodox Science and Psychical Research", in the August REVIEW, opens an alluringly interesting channel leading

towards a future land of promise for all those who are to-day either agnostics, or driven in that direction, much against their will or desire.

He boldly proposes: "Give me scientific proof of a future existence and I shall be delighted to become your apostle". The issue is so tremendous, the reward so wonderful, that I believe, dear Sir, your valued periodical could do an immense amount of fine and noble work, if it would invite expressions from everywhere on the subject: "If you believe in a future existence, where are your proofs"? or "If you deny a future existence, how do you explain all such psychic phenomena now on record and whose truth has been established beyond peradventure?"

If a future Life beyond death could—no matter how incredible—be proven, or even only partly proven, by the cold light of science, a new era of intelligence free of mammonism would be available for hundreds of thousands of thirsty souls.

H. N. KOLL.

RICHMOND, INDIANA.

GENEROUS APPRECIATION

SIR,—Coming, as I have, from, perhaps, the last goodbyes to several dear to me, with whom I would myself be marching were it not for a complete physical disability, will you permit me to extend to you my heartfelt thanks and commendation for those editorials in the September REVIEW, so coldly logical, yet so flame like in their patriotism? They remind me of old family records left by my ancestors who, *beginning* with the wars against the Pequots in New England, went forth to strike a blow for those things that make life worth while, and they have renewed my faith, restored my courage, refilled me with a spirit to see through to the end of *victory* the horrors of this ghastly conflict.

In men of your gifts lies the responsibility of keeping ever heartened to the task, the people of this great democracy, and well are you fulfilling yours.

J. NORRIS MYERS.

NEW YORK CITY.

FROM MR. WINSLOW

SIR,—May I say most sincerely what an honor it is for my little paper to appear within the same cover which contains your magnificent "review,"—for such it is, in critical quality, gently ironical, yet constructive in its approval of present and probable developments—and in moral quality—of magnanimity. There must have been a certain temptation to justify the opposition, which Mr. Wilson has himself justified, since what you now applaud with reason, is *volte face* to his earlier attitudes in so many ways, that we can well afford to ignore inconsistency, since it has brought him so unexpectedly up to the great demand. It is peace only—with victory—now! It is perhaps just as well, since the perfectly natural amazement of the Germans makes the present firmness evinced by the response to the Vatican (so accurately predicted by you) more stunning, and effective.

I am faithfully yours

ERVING WINSLOW.

IPSWICH, MASS.